The Sketch

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IN THE BOW ROOM.

This excellent photograph of the QUEEN *with* PRINCESS ELIZABETH *and* PRINCESS MARGARET *was taken in the Bow Room. No room in Buckingham Palace is better known to the outside world, for visitors to the Garden Party from all over the Empire coming through the Grand Entrance pass through the Bow Room on to the famous lawns laid out by George IV.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

A Few Kind Words. Pursuant to my policy of New Year Hate, which has been greatly exacerbated by recent communications from H.M. Inspector of Taxes, I wish to say a few spiteful words to the medical profession.

"O.K.—ALL CLEAR!"
DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Looking at the state of the nation to-day—looking round even among their own patients—they ought to feel a sense of deep shame. I hear a good deal of complacency about the health of the public in war conditions, and it is true that we have not yet been smitten with those ravaging epidemics which were feared. But there is one epidemic always with us, in peace or in war, concerning which no doctor ought to feel anything but humiliation—especially as most doctors are themselves suffering from it. I refer, of course, to the "common" cold. Common! You 're telling me! At the present moment at least a quarter of the population, not only of these islands but of humanity generally, is reduced to about half its normal health and efficiency by this merciless scourge. And all the king's doctors and all the king's men do nothing about it except what old wives were doing a hundred years ago—except, possibly, prescribing aspirin.

Off with Their Heads! There is an enormous Ministry of Health in this country; there is a very numerous medical profession; there are laboratories and scientists and researchers by the score; yet they do nothing. There are elaborate plans for Social Security; how about a little Social Security from catarrh? How about a little freedom from chills and hacking coughs, instead of freedom from want and fear? The Olympians, with their charters and plans and schemes, never think of little things like that. And *why*, may one ask, has science so grossly betrayed humanity in this highly important matter? The excuses which I have heard are contemptible. All the scientists can say is that they just can't isolate the bug. He eludes their microscopes. My answer is perfectly simple—get better microscopes. Or some other instrument—it is not for me to say what; that is the scientist's business. If this country were ruled by an Oriental potentate, he would send for all the distinguished scientists and say: "Unless you produce an infallible cure for the common cold within twenty-four hours, I will cut off all your heads." The effect would be miraculous. There would be no more colds, and the world would be an infinitely happier place than it is.

Dead and Alive. Anybody who contracts hydrophobia, yaws, beriberi, hookworm, elephantiasis, or even double pneumonia, is really far better off than the victim of an ordinary head-cold. For these maladies, and others equally vulgar, any competent doctor can now produce a marvellous specific. Few of us, however, stand in serious danger from hydrophobia or yaws (though, of course, you never know); all of us, all the time, stand in danger of rheums and chills and temperatures which halve or extinguish our working capacity, derange all our engagements and disorder all our daily lives. If that problem is not worthy of the attention of science, I don't know any that is. The medical profession really must get rid of the fantastic notion that you are not worth keeping alive until you are half-dead. We, the great body of patients, who could form the most powerful trade union in the world if we only organised, should insist on being kept alive, and not merely half-alive. Until we do, all we shall get for our fees will be menthol and liquorice and Friar's Balsam; and now we can't get even those, because there doesn't happen to be any menthol or liquorice or Friar's Balsam. That is the sort of thing that brings the war home to you!

"The mistress has just joined the Women's Home Defence Corps, so she 's putting in a little practice!"
DRAWN BY SIMON DAVIS.

SALVAGE FLASH——KEEP THE FACTORIES GOING WITH YOUR WASTE PAPER.

The orny-handed Daughters of Toil. I grow tired of all this talk about the triumphs of science and progress. Daily I become more and more impressed by the things that science can't, or won't, do. The world is full bald men, aged prematurely and much diminished the personal attraction which is their due; but body has discovered a cure for falling hair. No-dy has yet invented an automatic scrubber, and omen (if you can find them !) still have to go down their hands and knees to this grovelling task. No-ody has yet invented a self-cleaning window. In is very hand, as it writes, I see an example of the ailures of science. There is an abominable yellow tain on two of the fingers, and whenever it catches ny eye, it disgusts me. Yes, I know that the remedy s not to smoke cigarettes; but, short of that (which we can leave out of account), or short of scraping off the skin with pumice, I should be obliged if anybody could tell me how to remove this blot in the 'scutcheon. A holder? But smoking a cigarette through a holder is like kissing a girl through a pane of glass. No! Science breaks down at innumerable points of daily life and needs. Many women to-day, through the rigours of the Home Front, are more horny-handed than men. Is there any preparation to restore soda-hardened hands to feminine suavity? I know of none; yet the problem is one of moment to many women who, however hard they may work, are not yet completely unsexed.

"*Certainly it's a bad shilling! I got it from you, when you were conducting and I was a passenger. . . .*" (DRAWN BY PAT AULD.)

A Little of What You Fancy. However, we certainly do not lack scientific advice, and plenty of it, about our food and drink. It is usually food, but now drink has come nto the picture too. Sooner or later, somebody had to take up he cause of beer, and I observe that Dr. Marie Stopes has been discussing the "great physiological value" of this British staple. Whereon I read this very sensible comment: "When a man orders a pint of beer, he is not seeking nutrition or alcohol, nor is he thinking about carbohydrates or food values. All he wants is a drink of beer." There is a psychological as well as a physiological aspect of diet. A very old and very ill lady of my acquaintance was told that she had only a few days to live. She said: "Very well; now I am going to have some of the things that I have been forbidden for so long, and I am going to start with some pickled pork for luncheon." The effect was magical: with the help of pickled pork, he lived for another hree years, and died peacefully at the age ninety-one. The late Marie Lloyd uttered a profound dietary truth in her well-known dictum: "A little of what you fancy does you good."

"*Reminds me of when we used to travel on the old P. an' O. line . . . .*"

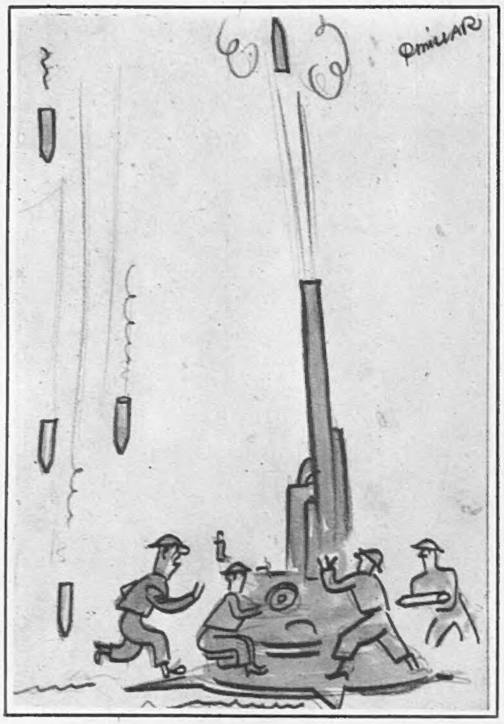
DRAWN BY P. MILLAR.

Ring-a-ring-a-rosy.

Now, among the things which every woman fancies—and a little of it undoubtedly does her good—is a wedding-ring. No wedding without a ring; no ring without a wedding—at least, not in the best circles. It is therefore an unexpected and a very serious horror of war that there has been a grave shortage of wedding-rings. There is something badly wrong with the economic system when weddings are in active demand and rings are in short supply; it is what some people are fond of calling poverty in the midst of plenty. We have all witnessed that agonising moment when an incompetent Best Man has fumbled desperately for the ring at the crucial moment; but lately there has been no ring whatever for the Best Man to produce, not even a brass one, and there is one recorded instance of an officiating clergyman tearing the ring from his own finger rather than wreck a happy union at the outset. It is gratifying to learn, therefore, that jewellers are authorised to bring their production up to 100 per cent. Not long ago it was only 10 per cent. What is all this talk about race-suicide?

Sweet Home. Having been fitted with a ring, the bride is next entitled to a home, or love-nest; and it looks as if the brides of the future are going to be rather choosey in this matter. The National Union of Townswomen's Guilds has issued a questionnaire to housewives calling for suggestions for better homes when they come to be built after the war. A long-suffering breed, these housewives!—for their answers reveal the grievances and hardships which they have so long and so patiently suffered, probably all unknown to their complacent husbands. They ask for room measurements in accordance with the standard sizes of carpets and linoleums; for sewing-rooms, anti-freeze plumbing, rounded corners, bevelled ledges, "no fancy woodwork," broad passages (but as few as possible), swing doors between kitchen and scullery, sound-proof playrooms, separate entrance-halls and partitioned coal-houses. All very sensible, but I am surprised that there is no mention of non-smoking chimneys, airing cupboards and built-in wardrobes. And how different, it seems, is the British from the American housewife! Not a word here about refrigerators, central heating or electrical "labour-savers"! Not even a washing-up machine! Are our wives just clean behind the times—or have they a healthy

[Continued overleaf.



"... *Careful, Cartwright—we'll be shelling ourselves in a minute!*"

DRAWN BY P. MILLAR.

Continued.]

suspicion that machines which are always going wrong do not really save labour or sweeten life?

Let There be Light.

In my opinion, they do not; and I take as an example a scientific invention which has become one of the necessities of life, but which is a perpetual menace to our peace of mind. I refer to the common dry-cell battery. It is admirable in theory: it guards our steps in the black-out, it helps us through the innumerable dark places of war, and on our bicycles it is not only a convenience but a legal obligation. What an improvement (says the shallow observer) on the old clumsy, malodorous and fickle illuminants! Unfortunately, this refinement of civilisation suffers from two grave disadvantages: (*a*) it does not exist; and (*b*) even when it does exist, it never works. It is stated that there is soon to be a better supply, and, therefore, fewer prosecutions of persons of small means for not possessing batteries which it is impossible for them to obtain. But the utmost abundance of batteries will not prevent them from defying all the laws of science and of nature. My house is rich in torches of every size and description—every drawer is full of them. About one in ten ever emits the faintest gleam of light. If the battery is alive (which is seldom) there is something wrong with the contact or the bulb. It is my considered opinion that electricity is all a myth; and it is no use telling me to take quarts of halibut and liver oil and develop cat's eyes, because that, too, is not only a myth but detrimental to the digestion.

The Iron Heel.

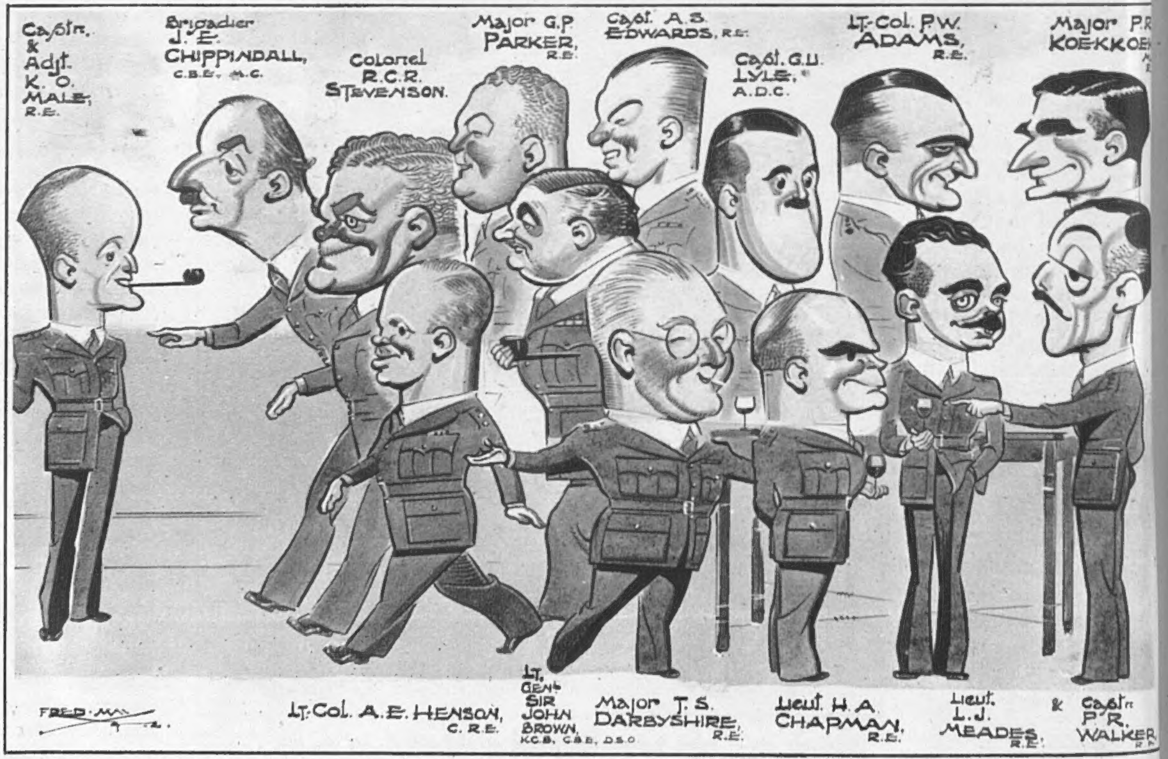
But these little quirks and comedies of war must be accepted cheerfully, since they affect us all from the crowns of our heads to the soles of our feet. Yes, literally, the soles of our feet; for I see that in future our soles are to be only half-soles. We are all to have iron heels, perhaps as a symbol of national morale, and certainly in disregard of the floors and carpets. No repairs may be "buffed, scraped, polished or painted," for this is no time for such fripperies. If a heel is repaired, it must have two thin pieces of leather instead of a single fat one, for this apparently saves material, though you might not think so. And, since a sole in time saves nine, we are all advised to have a "light clump sole" fitted to our boots and shoes to save our soles—our more permanent, though unfortunately not immortal, soles. And if all these precautions fail there is a hint of wooden soles, and even of clogs. I don't know where the wood is coming from, and I should give serious thought to the example of the prematurely lamented Clementine, whose footwear, if you remember, was "herring-boxes without topses"—except that I don't know where to get the herring-boxes. The authorities, however, might consider the matter.

Not a Word!

We all remember, I suppose, that ancient wise crack about the three most rapid means of communication—telegraph, telephone and tell-a-woman. This is a specimen of the ill-natured, patronising, man-made imputation under which woman has suffered from time immemorial. I for one have always held that men are just as great chatterboxes and gossip-mongers as women, and I would call to witness the smoking-room of any club. Now I am delighted to see that feminine discretion has received a triumphant vindication from the highest authority. Radiolocation was one of our most precious secrets. It is revealed that for three years no fewer than a thousand women, known as the "Amazon Corps," knew all about it; and, says Sir Robert Watson-Watt, "not a whisper of it leaked out until the Battle of Britain." I commend the example to some of our Staff Officers and Highly Placed Officials, who are so free with their interesting inside information "in the strictest confidence" to their friends, male and female.

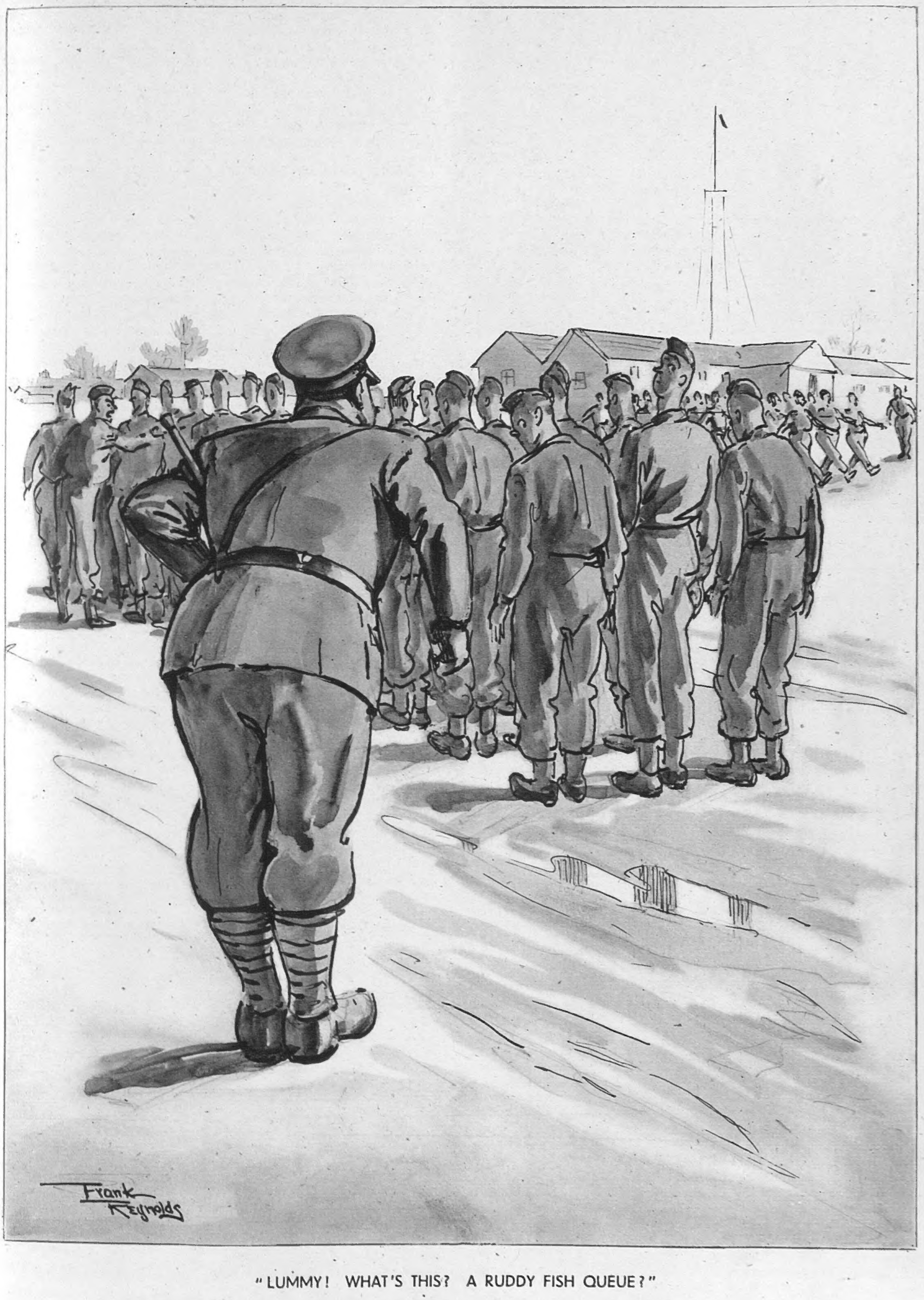
Of Human Kindness.

On the other hand, that other crack about hell having no fury seems to have some justification. The other day, in a northern city, seventeen milkmen had the invidious task of carrying out a new pool milk delivery scheme—which, of course, meant that nobody got any milk, except the few who got the breakfast milk at supper time. Six out of the Commando of seventeen absolutely refused to face the embattled housewives—and who can blame them? The other eleven, or such of them as have recovered consciousness, have applied for transfer to a safer occupation, like mine-sweeping. It is to be hoped that poolers and foolers may take a lesson from this *Kermesse Héroique*.



For some unknown reason we have not so far given the ROYAL ENGINEERS *the prominence due to them. Their work, particularly in North Africa, is one of great strain, skill and risk—its results being of paramount importance. So here are some Sappers nearer home, celebrating an "occasion" when the C.O., Lieut.-Col. Arthur E. Henson, had a few friends in to open a new Mess H.Q.* (DRAWN BY FRED MAY.)

The fifty-fifth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

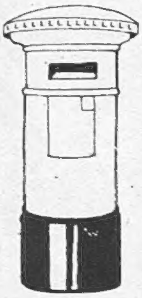


"LUMMY! WHAT'S THIS? A RUDDY FISH QUEUE?"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—In the end it was the Conductor's small, thin duck, my namesake, Henrietta, who laid the First Egg. The Conductor, apparently, visits his ducks before dawn, because it was quite dark, and Charles and I were asleep when the telephone rang. Charles swore, and lifted the receiver off its hook.

"Henrietta 's laid an egg!" shouted the Conductor, so loud that I could hear him from my bed.

"Take two aspirins and go straight back to bed," said Charles. "I'll come and see you in the morning."

"But she has really, Charles," yelled the Conductor. "It's a lovely sort of green and a perfect shape."

Charles turned his torch on me and regarded me sternly. "What is all this midnight tomfoolery?" he said.

"'What is all this midnight tomfoolery?'"

I took the receiver from his hands. "The stone which the builders rejected has become the headstone of the corner," said the Conductor solemnly.

"Well, I never rejected Henrietta," I said. "Personally, I always thought she was a sweet girl, and bound to do well. Bulk isn't everything."

"You 're dead right. I shall give her some extra breakfast."

"And eat her egg for yours."

"Oh, Henrietta! Poor Henrietta!"

"I think you must make up your mind not to be sentimental about the Eggs."

"I suppose so."

"Must you carry on this conversation in the middle of the night?" said Charles, in a strangled voice, and flung himself back on his pillows with eyes closed.

"Faith and me sitting amicably on a sofa together."

Two days later, the Conductor gave a terrific cocktail-party, partly in honour of the Egg, and partly in honour of Faith, who was home on seven days' leave. The Conductor, who is practically a teetotaller, has the charming habit of collecting his monthly ration of gin and squirrelling it away, as they say in these parts. Then, from time to time, he gives a tremendous party, at which there is plenty for all, and not too much ice.

Faith was lovely in one of those neat little black frocks which look so well at a cocktail-party, and which I never have, because the coupons the Linnet leaves me all seem to go on sensible skirts and jumpers. The Conductor was puffed up with host-ish pride, and so busy fussing round his guests that he was unable to give her the dog-like devotion she is accustomed to. I thought Faith looked a little wistful.

"If only he 'd always treat her like that," whispered Lady B "they 'd be married in a month."

"You look very lovely, Faith," I said.

"What, this old rag?" said Faith, as she always does; bu she said it in an absent-minded way, and there was a long silenc

"These ducks——", said Faith.

"They make him very happy, Faith."

"I know. Have they all got names?"

"Yes. There 's Henrietta, of course," I said proudly, "an Phœbe, and Ethel, and Ursula, and Queenie, and Hilda wh died——"

"There isn't one called Faith, by any chance?" she sa wistfully.

"No, Faith."

"My little ducky, Henrietta," the Conductor began in a lou voice, and there was a sudden silence while several people turne round and were obviously disappointed to see Faith and m sitting amicably on a sofa together. "My little ducky, Henriett has laid an Egg. I will hand round a pack of cards, and the gue who draws the lucky card will get the Egg."

"The Queen of Hearts, I suppose," said the Admiral, givi Faith a piercing look.

"No," said the Conductor, "the Queen of Clubs, becau she always reminds me Henrietta: Henriett human, I mean, no Henrietta duck."

This made me ve proud, of course, thoug I didn't much care abo being likened to the Que of Clubs, a woman I ha never admired. Faith ga a long, trembling sort sigh, and I squeezed h hand. She squeezed mi back again. There is malice in Faith.

Lady B. drew the luc card. It was a popular wi and there was much a plause. The Conductor pr sented the Egg with mu ceremony and no litt regret. You could see h hated parting with it.

After that, people began to go home. Charles and Fai and Lady B. and I stayed to the end. We always do this the Conductor's parties, because he is one of those people wh have to be reassured that everything has gone off all righ though goodness knows there is no reason why he shou have qualms.

"What card did you draw, Faith?" said the Conductor, for she was still holding hers in her hand.

Faith turned the card over. Then she slowly raised her eyes to his. I thought she had never looked more beautiful. "The King of Hearts," she whispered.

"Oh, Faith!" said the Conductor; and Charles and Lady B. and I tip-toed out of the room.

"The Conductor presented the Egg."

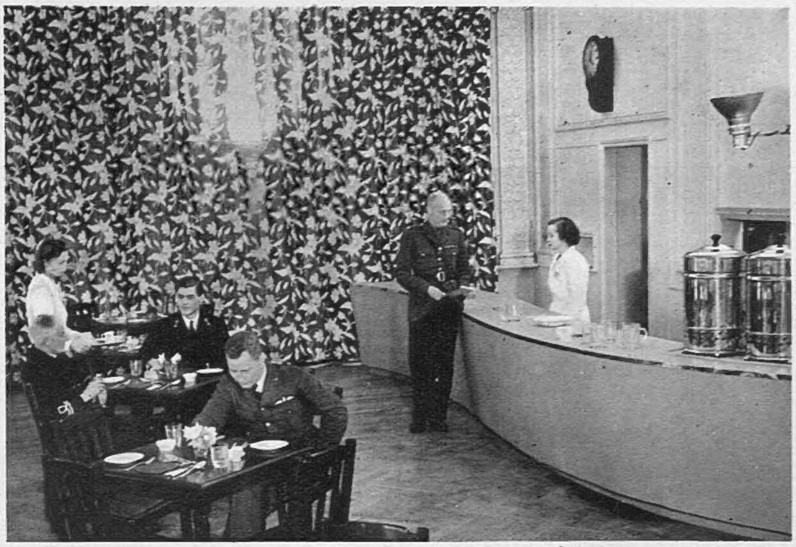
Lady B. ate the Egg for her supper, and was sick all night. Charles says ducks' eggs do that to some people.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

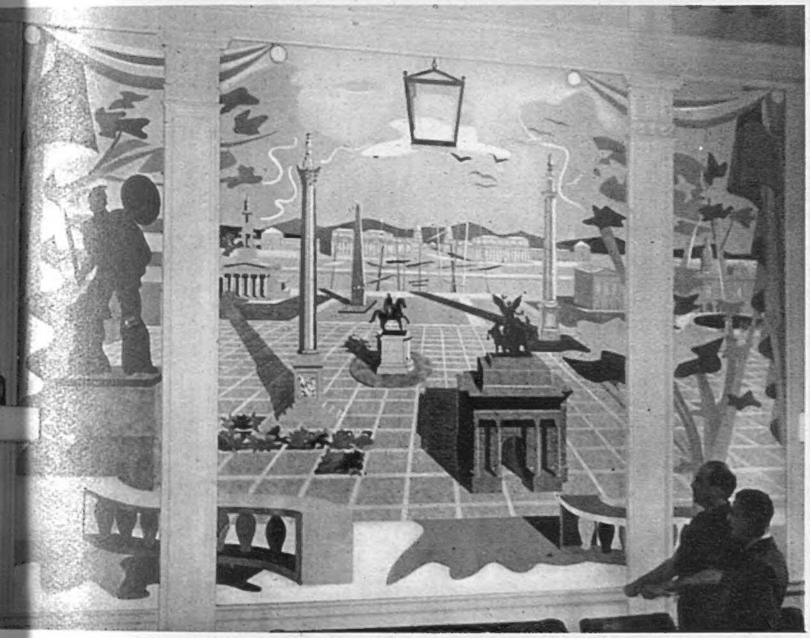
HOTEL INTO OFFICERS' CLUB, WITH INGENUITY.

To cover up a large mark left on the wall of the LOUNGE, *Oliver Hill has decorated the space with a design of crossed flags made with scraps of bright-coloured paper stuck on.*



A reasonably-priced meal may be had in the DINING-ROOM. *No wood being available to build the serving counter, Mr. Hill had it made from asbestos and covered with shrimp-pink linoleum to tone with the maroon and white curtains.*

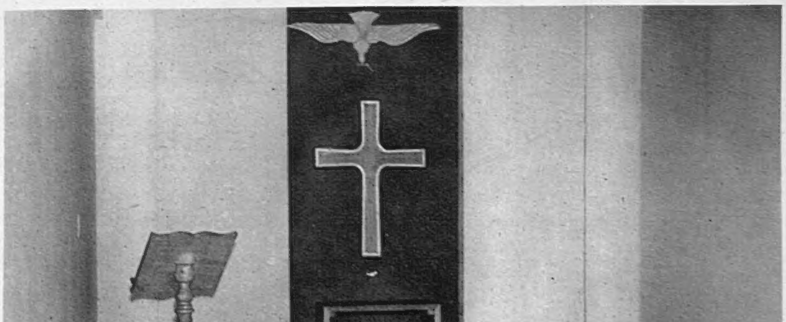
LAST week the Duke of Gloucester opened the new Y.M.C.A. KING GEORGE'S CLUB FOR OFFICERS in Piccadilly, formerly the Hotel Splendide. The Club is a godsend for officers who want quarters at reasonable rates. It is charmingly decorated and furnished and looks bright and welcoming. Mr. Oliver Hill, the architect responsible, has worked miracles of improvisation and ingenuity in the face of shortage of materials and money. He has done a great deal of the work himself, effecting clever camouflage on shabby, discoloured walls with vivid murals built up from scraps of gay-coloured paper.



The DINING-ROOM WALL *is covered with a huge mural showing London seen from Hyde Park Corner, made of odd pieces of brilliantly-coloured paper. Very gay and vivid, the shadows are done in gold paper, giving an effect of perpetual sunlight.*

The BUSINESS SIDE OF THE SNACK BAR *(below, left) has shelves built down it for crockery. The shelves are made of asbestos board held up by wooden supports.*

The SNACK BAR *is separated from the kitchen by a curving screen-wall built from asbestos and covered with odd pieces of wallpaper. Light meals are served quickly and cheaply.*



A TINY CHAPEL *was built from three store-rooms knocked into one. It is painted in blue and white and has effective indirect lighting. The white dove was modelled by Oliver Hill.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

We crave the indulgence of the audience, as they used to say in the opera programmes, for heading our list to-day with quite a short film. It is called "MALTA." It runs for about twenty minutes. You can see it at the Gaumont. And if you take my tip, you will. "Malta" was made by the Crown Film Unit for the Ministry of Information, with a commentary spoken by Laurence Olivier. It shows, with the most stunning camera-work and a just, dramatic sense of editing, the epic fight, the daily life under fire, of that amazing little island. It answers questions you must have asked yourselves a dozen times—What does Malta look like to-day? How much has survived the ceaseless bombing? How is civilian life carried on? What is happening to the children of Malta? The film, so sympathetically and vividly done, gives a new and unforgettable background to the communiqués.

Remarkable in many ways, "Malta" is not least remarkable for its musical score. Sir Arnold Bax, Master of the King's Musick, composed a special suite for the piece. This broad, noble music is so full of riches that the discerning listener will want to hear the sound-track again and again. Although complementary to the theme, heroic in the same large way, the score is music "on its own," not merely illustrative setting. Sir Arnold himself is frank about it. "I didn't quite know," he says, "what they wanted me to do. So I just wrote the sort of music I liked."

Another heroic island story is celebrated in "WAKE ISLAND." This is something rather new in film-making—a documentary record of more or less current history, faithfully re-enacted for the screen by professional players. It is just over a year ago that we were hearing on the radio those brief, bald reports that Wake Island was "still holding out" against the Japs. For fourteen days we heard them, and then no more. Of the 400 American marines who held the island, the majority died at their posts. A few were taken prisoner. Until the war is over and those prisoners return to their homes, we shall never know exactly what happened on Wake during those last grim hours. The film gets as close to fact as it can. Just before the final assault a captain of Marines was dispatched to Washington by Navy patrol 'plane. From his reports, presumably, the main account of the battle was compiled.

"Wake Island" pulls no punches. There has been no attempt to soften the story. The only women in the film appear in the first reel, waving their menfolk good-bye from Pearl Harbour. True, there is a kind of Flagg-and-Quirt rivalry between a couple of husky marines. But why shouldn't there be? Flagg and Quirt in the first instance, before they were "phoneyed" by too many films, were Service types drawn directly from life. Their scenes give the film the only lightness it has, and are as permissible, I should say, as Shakespeare's Falstaff interludes, or his dallying with the porter in "Macbeth."

What is the story of "Wake Island"? Just this. In the summer of 1941 a certain Major Caton (Brian Donlevy) arrives from Pearl Harbour with his Flight Lieutenant (Macdonald Carey) to supervise the installation of the island's defences. (The names of officers and regiments mentioned are deliberately fictitious.) An old campaigner, he quickly realises that this tiny island in the Pacific, with its garrison of 400 marines and its air-cover of twelve 'planes, is a sitting target for enemy attack—should attack come, as he believes it will. Wake is all coral reef, sand and sun, 21 ft. at its highest elevation. In any sort of a breeze, the whole place shakes. "My outfit," says the Major grimly, "is supposed to be a defence battalion. There's nothing much to defend it with—only marines." Hastily he sets about organising his resources. Civil construction engineers dig pits and slit trenches. Air-raid drills are made compulsory. A special Japanese envoy, on his way to Washington, is welcomed with a sceptical civility. But the defence plans continue. On December [illegible] Japanese 'planes bomb Pearl Harbour. Major Caton realises that it is only a matter of hours now before they attack Wake.

The film goes on to show three of the many assaults on the island. One is by air, systematically blasting the defences square yard by square yard, a checker-board bombing. One is by sea, an attack foiled by an old Chinese trick of holding fire until the enemy ships are drawn within range of the shore batteries. The third is the combined assault that takes the island. The film ends with the last surviving marines making their last stand, the Japs pouring in over the sand-dunes.

"The action at Wake Island," says a foreword, "has been recorded as actually and factually as possible." It is compared with the action at Valley Forge, with Custer's Last Stand, and with the story of the Lost Battalion—the heroic "dark hours" of American history. "Wake Island" is a dark film, tremendously grim and haunting. But so finely is it acted, so courageously presented, that few people will be able to watch it without a stir of pride in their fellow-men.

"CASABLANCA" (Warner's and Regal) is history according to the fiction writers, but it, too, has an infectious excitement. The time is 1941, the scene, as the title indicates, French Morocco. Casablanca; then under the authority of Vichy, is a crowded, seething, tragic port of refugees. By way of Marseilles and Oran, they have come from all over Nazi-occupied Europe, with one aim in view—to get exit permits for Lisbon and escape to America. The centre both of intrigue and of social life in Casablanca is Rick's Café. Rick (Humphrey Bogart) is an American adventurer who has fought in the Spanish Civil War and run guns to Ethiopia. At present he has reformed, except for a little sharp practice with the roulette-wheel. By a simple process of rigging the wheel the right way and "sticking out his head" politically for nobody, he manages to keep on good terms with the Vichy Prefect of Police (Claude Rains).

"Everybody goes to Rick's," says the Prefect of Police. And everybody does. In the crowded, watchful salons we find Ugarte (Peter Lorre), who has just murdered two German couriers on the train from Oran, and stolen their letters of transit. We find Major Strasser, of the Gestapo (Conrad Veidt), who has come to arrest Ugarte. We find Ferrari (Sydney Greenstreet), the bland, efficient head of Casablanca's

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Valerie Taylor. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

**Comedy: "MURDER WITHOUT CRIME." Raymond Lovell, well supported.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Margaret Rutherford.

*Garrick: "AREN'T MEN BEASTS." Robertson Hare; Alfred Drayton in revival.

**Globe: "THE PETRIFIED FOREST." Owen Nares, Constance Cummings, Hartley Power in Robert Sherwood's entertaining play.

**Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

**Hippodrome: "LET'S FACE IT." Bobby Howes, Pat Kirkwood, Joyce Barbour. Cole Porter music.

**Lyric: "WALTZ WITHOUT END." Unexpected version of Chopin's life and music.

**Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

**Palladium: "BEST BIB AND TUCKER." Tommy Trinder and Co. again.

***Phœnix: "DU BARRY WAS A LADY." Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe star in mad musical comedy with Cole Porter music.

*Playhouse: "THE HOUSE OF JEFFREYS." Russell Thorndike's thriller. Sybil Thorndike, Robert Adams, Gwendolyn Gray.

*Prince of Wales: "THE DESERT SONG." Revival with Harry Welchman, Eleanor Fayre, Helen Barnes, Arthur Wontner.

**Princes: "WILD ROSE." Jessie Matthews and Richard Hearne in lively musical comedy.

**St. Martin's: "CLAUDIA." Pamela Brown and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville: "FINE AND DANDY." Good show, with Leslie Henson, Stan Holloway, Dorothy Dickson, Douglas Byng.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Strand: "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE." Witty murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

*Vaudeville: "MEN IN SHADOW." Sabotage in France. John Mills.

*Westminster: Season of Shakespeare, with Robert Atkins and first-rate cast.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

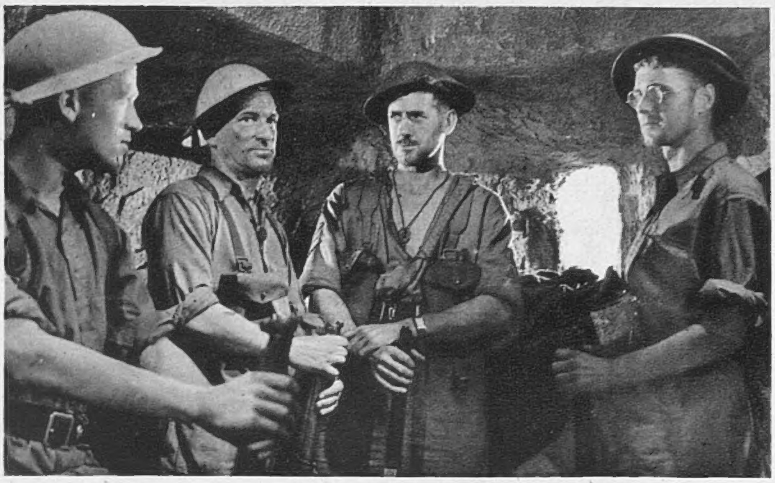
PANTOMIMES.

Coliseum: "MOTHER GOOSE." Patricia Burke; George Gee; Norman Evans. *His Majesty's:* "JACK AND JILL." Arthur Askey; Florence Desmond; Eddie Gray. *Stoll:* "CINDERELLA." Nervo and Knox; Fay Compton; Naughton and Gold; Ted Ray. *Victoria Palace:* "BABES IN THE WOOD." Lupino Lane; Adele Dixon; Polly Ward.

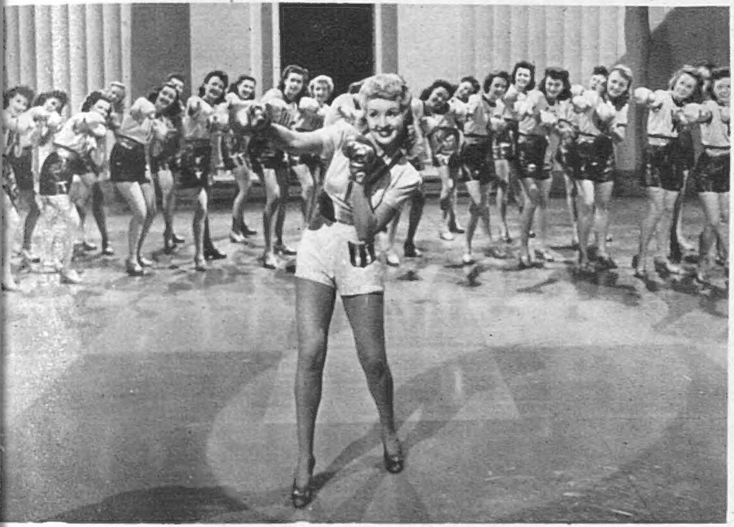
N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

black market, with a special trade in exit visas. And presently two more notables arrive—Victor Laszlo (Paul Henreid), leader of the underground movement in Europe, and his wife, Ilsa (Ingrid Bergman), a girl whom Rick has loved and lost in Paris.

The cast is gathered. The drama begins. In spite of subsidiary plots, it is a clear-cut issue. Will Rick "stick his head out" at last for the girl he loves? Will he use those stolen letters of transit to get Mr. and Mrs. Laszlo to America? You, who have seen films before, will guess that he will. I don't say that you're not right, but I do promise you'll be interested in the way the plot unfolds. Apart from a little idiosyncrasy on the part of the characters of ordering champagne cocktails and then not drinking them, the story is convincing and the personal relationships nicely managed. The way the film is done, none of the players has a dominating part, but everyone has a good one. Probably Claude Rains gets the best lines as the Vichy policeman, an opportunity of which he avails himself with promptitude and skill.



*United Artists' "Nine Men" (due New Gallery and Marble Arch Pavilion, January 31) is the story of a raid in the Libyan Desert. Sergeant (*JACK LAMBERT*; centre, right) trains his men to Commando pitch, and is rewarded after an exciting action by seeing them effect a success.* GORDON JACKSON *(left) plays Young 'un; Jock is played by* GRANT SUTHERLAND *(to his right); and* ERIC MICKLEWOOD *is Lee. They are supported by men of the South-West Borderers and the London Irish Rifles.*



Starring in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Footlight Serenade" (Odeon, Leicester Square, January 22), BETTY GRABLE *as Pat Lambert puts over some sparkling song-hits, and dances with a dazzling chorus. John Payne and Victor Mature are the male leads in a big Broadway musical.*

"YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOR EVER" (New Gallery) has a familiar ring. Unless my memory misleads me, it was once a bootlegging-and-newspaper story, with Paul Muni and Glenda Farrell, called "Hi, Nellie." However that may be, it is now a black market-and-newspaper story, with George Brent and Brenda Marshall. It isn't a very good black market-and-newspaper story, but it does crack one more joke than the Hollywood producers intended. Hero and villain are going through an open door. The dialogue runs as follows: "After you, Greer." "No, after you, Mitchell." An Itma-minded audience gave that a big laugh.

RONALD COLMAN *as Charles Rainier and* GREER GARSON *as Paula star in the screen version of James Hilton's "Random Harvest" (Empire, January 22). It is a drama of loss of memory; but a summary of the rest of the plot may be read on the right-hand column, where this film is reviewed.*

The villain, Boss Greer (Eduardo Cianelli), is a black marketeer with "enough bootleg rubber to equip two motorised divisions." The hero, Steve Mitchell (George Brent), holds some rather fluid position on an American daily, the *News Chronicle*. At one moment he is managing editor, at another he is demoted to the "Bewildered Hearts" column. In any case, his job seems to involve rather more fist-and-leg work than would commend itself to the modern city youth with literary yearnings.

When Steve is not hurling typewriters about in the cheery fun and games of the *News Chronicle* City Room, he is taking on all comers at the Notorious Lonesome Club, or doing a spot of Alpine climbing along the parapets of the swank Villa Gloria. The office photographer and a girl reporter (Brenda Marshall) are his companions in most of these activities. The gangsters, too, seem in good training, and lead Our Special Correspondents a pretty dance, through office and cellar, and right out to the local cemetery. The merriest scene of all takes place in Tier 27 of the Main Mausoleum, where the evidence of the Black Market is buried in a casket, right alongside the latest victim of the gang.

The tenderhearted will cry their eyes out over "RANDOM HARVEST" (Empire), with Greer Garson and Ronald Colman. The story is by James Hilton, but if they had told me it was by Mrs. Henry Wood I should almost have believed it. Love, high life, and sacrifice are blended in an emotional experience that lasts, by the clock, for exactly two hours and six minutes. The film covers the years between the end of the last war and 1935. It begins on Armistice Day. Miss Garson plays a music-hall artist, one Paula Ridgeway. Her speciality, it seems, is a Harry Lauder imitation, executed in a thigh-length kilt that appears to delight the Sassenachs, but is calculated to drive any stern North Briton to frenzy.

Mr. Colman is a shell-shocked soldier, escaped from an institution for amnesia victims. Miss Garson finds him wandering and marries him, an arrangement which pans out nicely until a taxi crash reminds him that he owns a vast seat in Surrey. Gone is the memory of his marriage and happy honeymoon cottage. He returns to the family acres, engages himself to a girl of his own class, and goes in for big business in a big way, his versatile actress-wife, her baby having died, following along as secretary.

Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence" (Odeon, February 5) comes to the screen via United Artists, with GEORGE SANDERS *playing the life of Gauguin "with a difference." As Charles Strickland he suddenly walks out on his wife, children, and suave London city life, and goes to Paris, en route to Tahiti, where he meets Ata (*ELENA VERDUGO*), contracts leprosy, and dies by his paintings.*

The situation, as you can see, is big with heartbreak. The business man, poor fellow, is dimly aware that he loves an unknown, but can't recall which one. Miss Garson, the born sacrificial type, goes to the courts to have his death presumed, and thereafter devotes her life to getting him into the Cabinet. It is sad, sad, all sad, until the very end, when an accident of geography brings the lost associations back again.

BARBARA BURNHAM *(standing), producer of the B.B.C. version of Tolstoy's "War and Peace" (broadcast in eight parts), with the cast: Natasha* (CELIA JOHNSON), *Pierre* (LESLIE BANKS), *Prince Andrew* (FRANCIS LISTER), *and Nicholas Rostov* (HUGH BURDON).

MRS. W. J. LORRIMER, *of the M.T.C., looking at her portrait by Cathleen Man (the Marchioness of Queensberry) at the Lefèvre Galleries.*

DR. S. L. SIMPSON, *President of Simpson's Services Club, with* MRS. SIMPSON *and Billy. Mrs. Simpson was Baroness Heddy Monique de Podmaniczky before her marriage in 1940.*

HOME-MADE DASHBOARD INSTRUMENTS *made by two Belgian aviators a fitted to an old training machine which they flew to England, at the Belgi Exhibition at Harrods. A bed-spring forms part of the air-speed indicat The exhibition opens at Liverpool on February 18.*

MISS FAITH BROOK, *nineteen-year-old daughter of Clive Brook, the screen star, has been working at an Allied Services canteen in London. Her father is busy on a Belgian Army film, "Flemish Farm."*

Film actor REGINALD GARDINER *recently married* NADIA PETROVA, *Russian-born actress, in Hollywood.*

LT. *and* MRS. JOHN ROBERTS *posed with baby* ANDRÉ, *after his christening. Mrs. Roberts is Roberta Huby.*

PICTORIAL ROUNDABOUT OF ENGAGEMENT, WEDDING

DR. ROTHENSTEIN, Director of the Tate Gallery, and MRS. D'ERLANGER (Edythe Baker) at the opening of the exhibition of portraits by Cathleen Mann.

WING COM. W. M. PENMAN, A.F.C., Scottish International full-back, and MRS. PENMAN (Peggy MacCorkindale, the lawn tennis player and Junior Scottish champion, 1938) with DIANA SUSAN. W. M. Penman was reported killed in 1939, but came back.

The engagement of MR. DAVID KERR-WILSON, Coldstream Guards, and MISS PATRICIA MAXWELL-WILLSHIRE, daughter of Sir Gerard and Lady Maxwell-Willshire, has been announced.

VISCOUNTESS LAMBTON is the wife of the son of the Earl of Durham, and was Miss Belinda Blew-Jones. She is the daughter of Major D. H. Blew-Jones and of Mrs. Violet Blew-Jones. Her marriage took place quietly last August.

The marriage of ENID, VISCOUNTESS FURNESS, to the Earl of Kenmare was fixed for January 26. Lord Kenmare is the well-known journalist who was formerly Viscount Castlerosse.

The christening of the infant son of Group Captain Patrick D. de Laszlo and of the HON. MRS. DE LASZLO took place at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. DAMON PATRICK DE LASZLO faces the camera in his mother's arms.

The wedding of MISS DOROTHY WINIFRED CALVE, stepdaughter of Major Richard Lloyd George, to WING COM. HAROLD KERBY, R.C.A.F., took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The bride, now with E.N.S.A., has also managed a Naafi canteen.

CHRISTENING, ART, RADIO AND OTHER TOPICAL NEWS.

A VISIT TO PETER.

By ANN TODD.

"I AM *so* glad you wore the hat with the cauliflower, after all."

"Are you, darling? I appreciate that, coming from you."

"You know, I feel awfully proud of you. I wonder if everyone knows you belong to me."

"I think the conductor does." He winked. "We are nearly there now."

"I *am* excited. Are you?"

"But of course. Happy, too. We haven't been out, just you and I, for months. Here we are. How very nice of the bus to stop at the door."

"Let 's go back by Tube, shall we? It 's such fun when the moving staircase tries to catch one's toes."

"I quite agree. Can I hold your hand? There 's such a crowd. I might get lost."

"Of course. You need a man to push a way through. I don't expect they will start before we get to our seats."

"Don't worry, darling. Here they are—eleven and twelve, second row, dress-circle. Take the chocolates and give me your coat."

"Look, quick! The lights are going out. Quite different to ours at home. Magic, I suppose. Isn't the band lovely and loud?"

"I always think *this* is the most exciting moment of all, waiting breathlessly in the dark for the curtain to rise. The footlights look as impatient as us. I wonder... Oh, Timothy, look! It 's going up."

"There 's Wendy's nursery. Oh, Nana does make me laugh!"

"Wouldn't it be odd if *we* kept a dog to look after you and Pippin, instead of Nannie? Oh, darling, the lady in front looks rather cross. Do you think you kicked her by mistake?"

"Perhaps I did. It 's rather difficult to sit still. I 'll lean forward and say I 'm sorry. . . . It 's all right, she smiled. Oh, Mummy, look at Wendy. . . . She 's *very, very* pretty, isn't she? And so tiny. Do you like her hair? I do. It 's such a lovely yellow colour I would rather like to pull it. Not to hurt her, of course. Does Mrs. Darling love her very much? More than you love me? Michael *is* naughty. I wouldn't mind my ears being washed if Nannie was a dog."

"Listen! Mrs. Darling is singing to them as she tucks them up in bed."

"Bet she can't sing 'All Things Bright and Beautiful' all in one breath, like you did in the air-raid shelter. Oh! I *do* love Wendy. Wish I could be tucked up in bed with her. Can I whisper you something?" . . .

"Of course, darling. Climb up. Everyone seems to be sitting on everyone else's knee. It seems the thing to do, to leave an empty seat beside you."

"Thank you. You see, I want to be very close to you, because it 's so exciting."

"How very sad. The lady behind doesn't share your appreciation of my hat. We *must* bring Daddy here on his next leave. Oh! Doesn't Peter fly beautifully?"

"Yes, but why is he bumpy in front? They would laugh at him at school."

"Well . . . he 's a sort of . . . Fairy, darling."

"Oh, I see. I suppose that makes it all right. . . . I *do* like Wendy. If I fought Peter and took her away on my tricycle, would people call her Mrs. Timothy Campbell? I would like to fight the Germans for her. . . . She is *so* pretty, but not as pretty as you, of *course*."

"Thank you, darling."

"This is the interval. Give me a shilling. I 'll buy us some of that squashy stuff."

"Good idea. . . . There doesn't seem to be a spoon."

"It doesn't matter, Mummy. Your tongue is really better."

"I don't see any other mothers using their tongues, but I don't expect it matters."

"See that ugly girl with the plaits staring at us? She said 'Shut up!' when I was telling you the story. . . . Funny to think she and Wendy are both Women. . . . They are so different. I wouldn't *think* of fighting for her."

"Quick, put the plates under the seat. It 's starting again."

"I don't care much for Captain Hook. He gives me a tight feeling under my heart. Do you think his face was always green? How nasty he must have looked in his pram. I think, if you can spare me, Mummy, I will go to the cloakroom now. I hope when I come back he will have gone."

"Darling, you *have* been a long time. I have finished the chocolates."

"Well, you see it was *most* interesting. The taps didn't twist like ours. They *turned* quickly from side to side, like soldiers drilling, and when I tried. . . . Oh! Quick, Mummy, clap hard and show you believe in Fairies, or Tinker Bell will die. Well, that *was* a Narrow Shave. I learned that word from Daddy. Funny, isn't it? Wish he was here. . . . I really ought to lend Peter my Spitfire. This sort of fighting with the Pirates is most old-fashioned. You know, the Crocodile doesn't frighten me a bit. I have pretended Cook is the Crocodile for ages, when she passes my door with the kitchen-clock on her way to bed. Of course, she breathes louder, and carries the clock outside instead of in, which makes a difference."

MISS ANN TODD *is this year's Peter for "Peter Pan," produced at the Winter Garden Theatre and now due on tour. In the amusing article on this page, she gives a vivid impression of the reactions of a small boy taken by his young and pretty mother to a performance of the famous Barrie play. Miss Todd is in private life Mrs. Nigel Tangye, and has a two-year-old daughter, Francesca, and also a son, David Malcolm, by her first marriage.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN VICKERS.

"Oh, poor Mrs. Darling. I would cry just as hard if I lost you and Pippin. But I wouldn't look so nice. It never seems necessary for her to blow her nose—so clever. I can never believe that Mr. Darling *really* lived in a dog-kennel. Silly, don't you think, darling?"

"Oh, no. Daddy often gets inside Pippin's play-pen. Didn't you know?"

"I did *not*. Isn't he rather cramped? What does Nannie do—ignore him, or keep up a social conversation between the bars?"

"Oh, she pretends he is not there. Daddy says it 's good for Pippin to be outside gazing in sometimes, instead of always being inside being gazed *at*, like the Zoo."

"Very thoughtful of dear Daddy—and wise of Nannie to leave him alone."

"Mummy, please ask Wendy to come and stay with us. And could you arrange for us to sleep together? Everyone sleeps in twos except me—Nannie and Pippin, you and Daddy, Cook and the 'Vacuee."

"I expect so, darling."

"Why did the gentleman in the next seat laugh, Mummy? I don't like him, anyway. He stares at you. Did you hear what he said in the interval?"

"Ssh! Timothy. Not so loud!"

"He said, 'Yours? Impossible!' I believe he meant your hat. I scowled at him, because I *like* it."

"Thank you, darling. It 's nearly over now; how sad."

"Of course, Mummy, I know Peter doesn't *really* fly. You see, he is held up in the air by wires—*you* know, like a barrage-balloon, only the other way round. . . . Oh, doesn't Wendy look like an angel put in the tree-tops? I hope Peter is kind to her. I wonder how she does the black-out with all those little lights in the trees. They are waving Good-bye to us. Let 's wave back, shall we? Good-bye, Wendy, good-bye. . . . Well, we won't see *them* for another year. I wonder what they do in between. I shall *never* forget Wendy, *never*. I shall put a P.S. about her in my prayers. Hold my hand tight, Mummy. I mustn't lose you in the crowd. Daddy wouldn't like it if you got lost."

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

LADY PEMBROKE, C.B.E., MAYOR OF WILTON, for her borough-proud move to prove that Wilton is the oldest town in England.

The COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, *Mayor of Wilton, seen here in her robes, with insignia and the seal of the Mayor, recently concerned herself with a move to prove that Wilton is the oldest Borough in England, a statement historical facts seem to back strongly. An important place from the earliest times, the borough is older than the Kingdom of England, of which it considers itself the parent. Antiquaries have seen in Wilton the capital of a British kingdom. It was the chief town of the Wilsaetas, or men of Wilts, whom Cynric, the Saxon leader, crushed in 556. Egbert's Proclamation of 838, uniting Wessex and Kent, was dated from "Our Ancient Palace in our Royal Borough of Wilton." Lord Pembroke's seat, Wilton House, was founded by the first Earl of Pembroke by the second creation, on estates granted him by Henry VIII., and rebuilt later. Lady Pembroke is by no means a mere platform figure, for she helped at the local post-office to cope with the recent Christmas rush.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

TOUGHENING THE MEN AMPHIBIAN COMMANDO

Into action over the water-jump! Men of the R.A.F. Regiment in a training "Grand National."

How to walk over trip-wires without taking a toss: a little practi at treading down stiff obstacles.

Obstacle race in full kit: entering a 50-yard-long "burrow" under wire and preparing to crawl through it.

Amphibious soldiers of the R.A.F. Regiment: swimming across a wide indoor bath in full kit with rifles.

NEWS from the Western Desert has recently revealed that first time, successfully captured enemy aerodromes, toge Regiment was instituted in January 1942, as a force designed defensive and offensive tactics; and in the following April it defence of all the aerodromes in the country. On these pages the R.A.F. Regiment for their important duties. As far as grounds, and "obstacle races" of the most strenuous kind ove ming in full kit, a tree-trunk is allowed as some slight help feats calling for almost acrobatic s

N.B. A Coloured pl

THE R.A.F. REGIMENT: AINING IN PROGRESS.

Crossing a river without a bridge: an R.A.F. Regiment man does some neat work with a trapeze wire.

Up and over a formidable obstacle while in full kit: climbing a 15-ft.-high wall as a training exercise.

After a 50-yard-long creep through a "burrow": the fully armed men emerge from the tunnel obstacles.

Stripping each other of the water-sodden packs after swimming the bath in full kit: another tough-training picture.

the R.A.F. Regiment, acting as an offensive unit for the a number of prisoners and much material. The R.A.F. defence, to be highly trained on Commando lines in both l that the Regiment would shortly be in charge of the ome idea of the toughening-up process which fits men of actual conditions of war are produced on the training-l across water are gone through constantly. When swim-afloat. Shock tactics exercises include the performance of e boys come smiling through.

ted in this issue.

FIRST WOMAN TO HAVE BRITISH DIPLOMATIC STATUS.

MISS MARY CRAIG MCGEACHY *holds the local rank of First Secretary of the British Embassy in Washington. She was born in Canada—at London, Ontario—and after leaving Toronto University went to Geneva, where she worked in the Dominion section of the League Secretariat. After the outbreak of war she worked for the Ministry of Economic Warfare in London. She did so well that she was sent to the British Embassy in Washington as Public Relations Officer, and became immensely popular in the States; and in October 1942 the Foreign Office decided to create a precedent by conferring diplomatic status on her. This does not mean that she has entered the Diplomatic Service.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH, OTTAWA.

Author of "The Fall of Paris"—outstanding analysis of the French collapse of 1940: ILYA EHRENBURG *at work in his Moscow study.*

With his collection of pipes hung as a novel mural decoration: Ilya Ehrenburg, at home, with his Scottie. "Thirteen Pipes" is one of his most successful books.

ILYA EHRENBURG'S "The Fall of Paris" has been published by Hutchinson in an English translation by Gerard Shelley, and is proving a best-seller. It is a thoughtful and realistic analysis of the reasons for the débâcle of France. Ehrenburg lived for many years in France, and was in Paris when the city surrendered, so he writes with authority. He has been in Russia since the outbreak of the war there, and his vivid descriptions of the tremendous events of the Homeric struggle have made his despatches most inspiring. He has brought the picture of the magnificent Soviet defence of Russia before British newspaper readers with unparalleled force. Ehrenburg's books and novels include "Thirteen Pipes," "The Second Day," "The Life and Adventures of Julio Jurenito" and "Without Pausing for Breath."

One of the most distinguished authors and war correspondents of the day: Ilya Ehrenburg leaving the Writers' House, Moscow, where he lives.

FAMOUS SOVIET AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST, ILYA EHRENBURG.

PANTO. IN MALTA.

MISS RENÉE CAMERON, *a plotter in Fighter Control, and daughter of a British dockyard official in Malta, played Principal Boy in "Aladdin." Miss Cameron has had many escapes during the Malta "blitz."*

Versatile PILOT OFFICER CECIL ROACH *produced the show; wrote book] and score. He also played a policeman and was principal comic. His success has brought him a commission as Entertainments Officer.*

MISS DULCEY WORLEY *played Ming Toy, Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess. She is a plotter girl at Fighter Control, aged eighteen. Her father serves on the "Penelope" (H.M.S. "Pepperpot").*

SERGT. ("TUBBY") BENTLY, *as the Dame, sings "Bigamy Lil." He started with "The Raffians" as a serious baritone, and has gravitated to low comedy! He comes from Bradford.*

Anticipation in Valetta. Two children gaze rapt at the pantomime poster in a Valetta street. The first matinée of "Aladdin" was given to 750 poor children of Malta.

MISS MARY MILES *played Princess So-Shy. She was a member of the gallant little "Whizzbang" concert party which visited gun-sites at the height of the "blitz" entertaining the gun-crews.*

IN 1941 MALTA, G.C., had the first traditional pantomime in its history brought to them by the R.A.F.—"Babes in the Wood." For 1942 "Aladdin" was chosen—a great success which played to packed houses. The cast was drawn largely from the famous Malta R.A.F. concert party "The Raffians," who have so far raised £400 for the Malta Relief Fund.

MISS MARIGOLD FLETCHER *rehearsed an Oriental dance for "Aladdin" on the roof of the theatre. She also toured with the "Whizzbang" concert party during the "blitz."*

MISS MARIGOLD FLETCHER *playing the Fairy Queen. She is captain of one of the watches in Fighter Control.*

DANCING INTO A JOB—AND A ROMANCE: ASTAIRE AND HAYWORTH.

FRED ASTAIRE *and* RITA HAYWORTH *as Bob Davis and Maria Acuna in Columbia's* "YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER."

The hotel manager's daughter, Maria Acuna, steps out with Bob Davis, the dancer from New York.

How to get a job! Bob Davis demonstrates his agility and dancing skill to the surprise of Edwardo Acuna (ADOLPHE MENJOU).

"YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER," new Columbia *musicale* with Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth, Adolphe Menjou and Xavier Cugat and his orchestra, was due at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on January 24. It's a dancing medley woven round the complicated story of a hotel manager's lovely daughters who must be married off in order of seniority. Maria, the prettiest, has a romance complex, and wants to be wooed by a young Lochinvar; but Bob Davis, brilliant New York dancer, who has got on the rocks in South America by punting at the races, proves a satisfactory substitute. The music is by Jerome Kern, and Astaire and Hayworth have never been more agile.

Dancing into romance to Jerome Kern music played by Xavier Cugat's orchestra: FRED ASTAIRE *and* RITA HAYWORTH.

These film bathing beauties are in the screen's biggest bath-tub, built for "ARABIAN NIGHTS," *Walter Wanger's Technicolor extravaganza for Universal, due at the Leicester Square Theatre on January 22.*

HELEN PENDER, PEGGY SATTERLEE, PHYLLIS FORBES, ELYSE KNOX, BURNU ACQUANETTA *and* ELOISE HART *(l. to r.), six of the picked beauties for the harem sequences of* "ARABIAN NIGHTS."

SABU *as Ali-ben-Ali, the acrobat who has got all among the girls of the Caliph's harem, and is having the time of his young life: a scene from* "ARABIAN NIGHTS." *The story is an exciting Haroun-al-Raschid tale.*

The Boche Ufa film has gone all out for daring glamour in the harem bath sequences of "MÜNCHHAUSEN," *their new picture featuring one of the numerous fantastical travellers' tales devised by the celebrated Baron. It is concerned with Münchhausen's rescue of a lovely Italian Princess who has been abducted by the fat Sultan Abdul Hamid; and many of the sequences are set in the harem where the Sultan's many women, decked with jewels and little else, disport themselves in their swimming-pool, unseen by any masculine eyes.*

Panic in the harem bath caused by Münchhausen's dash through the precincts after he has turned his magic ring and put on the cloak of invisibility. The beauties panic as they see the captive Princess Isabella swept through the air by unseen hands.

FILM HAREMS—AMERICAN AND GERMAN STYLE.

ALFRED LUNT, LYNN FONTANNE—AND A PIRATE.

Serafin (ALFRED LUNT), *amorous strolling player, walks the tight-rope in order to pay a visit to Manuela.*

LYNN FONTANNE *as Manuela, in the new Behrman comedy "The Pirate," at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York.*

Serafin, gay, boastful vagabond and strolling player, with Manuela, wife of Pedro, merchant and former pirate.

THE LUNTS, ALFRED LUNT and his wife, LYNN FONTANNE, have not been much on Broadway of late, so their appearance at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York, in "The Pirate," new comedy by Behrman, has added a joyous offset to the austerity of wartime life. "The Pirate" is an amusing, satirical comedy set in San Domingo in the nineteenth century. Manuela, young wife of fat, respectable, wealthy merchant Pedro, has a romantic admiration for Estramudo, the buccaneer. Strolling player Serafin discovers this, and pretends to be Estramudo; so jealous Pedro counters by a threat to inform on him. But Serafin has recognised the real Estramudo in Pedro himself, and the boot slips gaily on to the other leg!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDAMM STUDIO.

Manuela, dazzlingly beautiful young wife of Pedro, retired pirate of San Domingo, with her coloured maid.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"HOUSE BOUND" is a war novel, as all fiction that sets out to describe the contemporary scene must be, in some degree. Rose Fairlaw's rôle has hitherto been the passive one of anxiety for her children, who are just of an age to be closely involved—Mickie, her husband's son by his first marriage; Flora, the only child of her first marriage; and Tom, who belongs to her and Stuart. A complicated relationship requiring a good deal of give-and-take, it has turned out well except in the case of Flora, a difficult girl who blames her mother for everything that has gone wrong in her, Flora's, emotional life. Stuart Fairlow, a man of few words and conventional reactions, shields himself from her, and indeed from everyone, under a thick crust of habit. She, too, feels that she is growing a shell, but the first thing that breaks it is not the major catastrophe that she obscurely dreads, but the minor, though highly disturbing, disaster of being suddenly left without any domestic staff. This brings the war in the most literal sense home to her.

Anyone who has read Lady Peck's thoughtful and interesting novels will realise that this one, though topical in setting, is meant to be a commentary on the times as well as an account of them. She shows us an aspect of the war seen through a temperament, and a temperament in terms of its reactions to the war. A religious woman, inclined to mysticism, quick-witted, tolerant and kindly, with more of Mary in her composition than of Martha, she regards war as a struggle between men and

the machines which they have created for themselves. Men have made machines which are too strong for them. What 's difficult is not to feel that they are too strong for God as well. . . . Nothing seems to have eternal values.

And it is not only the war which challenges her faith. She is puzzled and distressed by what seems to her the unreasoning hatred of her daughter Flora, and still more puzzled when required to accept an explanation of that hatred based on the principles of psycho-analysis.

"House Bound." It is the American psychiatrist, Major Hosmer, who supplies the explanation and who is also the moving spirit of the book. When, in defiance of social conventions, and much to her husband's annoyance, he establishes himself as maid-of-all-work in her house, she has no idea that for some time past Flora has been his patient—and indeed the whole of this episode, which is the corner-stone of the story, is more than a little improbable. But it is not impossible, and it is essential to the development of Rose's philosophy.

SOME OF THE CREW *of* H.M.S. "THRASHER," *the "Double V.C." submarine commanded by Lieut. H. M. Mackenzie, D.S.O. and Bar, R.N., are seen aboard her on return from a glorious and successful eighteen months in the Mediterranean. Among her honours are the D.S.O. and Bar; two V.C.s, two D.S.C.s, six D.S.M.s and thirteen mentions in dispatches; and she flies the Jolly Roger striped for the eleven enemy merchant ships, totalling 40,000 tons, which she has sunk.*

More and more it seemed to her that every human being was in some sense what she herself was literally nowadays—house-bound, tethered inexorably to a collection of all the extinct memories, and what the Major would call inhibitions, with which they had grown up, bits of mental furniture which they had dusted and inspected daily.

One hope for human beings lies in snapping these ties.

Such an idea, worked out in fiction, might let loose a flood of sentimentality and self-deceiving goodwill which would destroy any likeness the picture had to ordinary, unregenerate human nature. Major Hosmer is perhaps too good to be true; but Lady Peck is well on her guard against ascribing to the other characters revolutionary changes of heart. Flora uninhibited is more amiable, but hardly less tiresome, than Flora repressed; Grannie Carr-Berwick, an agent of the cure, remains triumphantly selfish, Mary exasperatingly complacent about her war work; and Stuart still yearns for unsocial solitude with his newspaper. Even when the concrete barriers that Rose laments crumble under the impact of a bomb, the barriers between hearts do not immediately follow suit. But certain chinks and fissures appear, enough to reward the author for the care and thought she has given to this living and human story.

Three Women. "Distant Music" is another war story, but it is a novel of character rather than of ideas. Judith Appleton, whose father was killed in the last war, has an almost neurotic dread of this. But she finds the reality less terrifying than the prospect; whereas her sister-in-law, Elspeth, who had faced the impending crisis with a good heart, shows the white feather when it breaks, and retires to America. As a child, Judith had a lot of go in her; she grows up repressed and a little colourless, the victim of a dominating and possessive mother. Mrs. Appleton, a formidable, elegant, *malade imaginaire,* with an instinctive power of bending other people's lives to her wishes, is very well drawn. Cruel and tyrannical as she is, she has the gift of learning from life; after two years' estrangement she gracefully recognises Judith's marriage to the outspoken doctor, and adapts herself not without dignity to war conditions. An even more subtle portrait, perhaps, is that of Elspeth, the brilliant wife of Judith's twin brother, Roger. Selfish to the core, ready to sacrifice Roger's career and his happiness to hers, she displays with almost every word she says the qualities which make her popular. She took pains to give pleasure, because by giving pleasure she got her own way, and beside her the honest and estimable Judith, almost too ready to recognise unpalatable truths, shows to disadvantage. The male characters are less interesting, but they are far from being sticks: they change and develop and respond to life. This responsiveness is one of Miss Darbyshire's chief assets as a novelist. Her story does not pulsate with life, perhaps, but it has no dead passages.

A Perfect Aryan Type. Mr. Niven Busch has taken an outrageous, sensational idea and made a very successful realistic novel of it. His setting is Nazi Germany, thinly disguised but disguised just enough to make Mr. Big, the General and Herr Rödl more amenable to imaginative treatment than they would be if called Hitler, Goering and Goebbels. Bertha Carrington, travelling companion to a spoilt American heiress, falls out with her employer, who returns to America, while big blonde Bertha, the perfect Aryan type, stays behind. Why did she not accept the passage which the American Consul was eager to procure for her? Because, thanks to handsome Captain von Helm, most romantic of go-betweens, she had been offered the job of giving Italian lessons to the Leader.

Though a born teacher, Bertha was in some ways obstinate, slow-witted, almost stupid; but had she been clever she could hardly have guessed that she had been chosen for the honour of providing the Leader with an heir. She was surprised and trapped; but Herr Rödl had his own ideas as to who should succeed Mr. Big. Bertha and her unborn child were hurried into a concentration camp, while, in pretence of fulfilling the Leader's orders, a substitute bearing Bertha's name was given a passage to America and ceremoniously escorted to the frontier, where she disappeared.

Mr. Niven Busch tells this audacious story with so much aplomb that, reading it, one is compelled to suspend disbelief. Any attempt to court credulity would have been fatal; Mr. Busch merely asserts that thus it was, and we believe him. An experienced journalist, he knows how to combine the dramatic and the realistic, and this faculty serves him in good stead throughout the remainder of the story. Handled less expertly, the sequel might have seemed an anti-climax; as it is, we read of Bertha's imprisonment, maternity and escape with breathless interest. "The Carrington Incident" is less obviously, but more effectively, propagandist than most novels about Nazi Germany; the author takes for granted the depravity of the system under which Bertha suffered instead of proclaiming it. Thus he does not tell us that Herr Rödl was a fiend in human shape, etc., but lets his words and actions witness against him. And on the few occasions when anyone connected with the régime shows Bertha a kindness, he does not hesitate to say so: we feel that he paints the picture direct from life without distorting it. Relieved as it is by humour, excitement and the toughness of everyone concerned (Bertha and her saviour, Dr. Kohler, are both pretty tough), the book is not so horrifying to read as to remember.

A Spy Story. The conventions of the detective story are strict, but those of the spy story are even more circumscribed, and Mr. Bernard Newman shows much ingenuity in widening the scope of his plots, thereby varying the interest even if he has diffused it. In "Black Market" he has produced a book which is full of incident and often exciting. Judging from his account, the job of a German spy can be no sinecure.

Mr. Newman as narrator has chosen for himself a slightly more heroic rôle than that played by his prototype, Dr. Watson: he does not miss so many obvious clues, and the *coups* entrusted to him are rewarded with more success than authors commonly allow to people in his position. But Mr. Newman's first concern is with his incidents: his detailed schemes and elaborate codes are more to him than the individuals who construct or break them—indeed, many authors are not so lavish of invention in two books as he is in one.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

House Bound. By Winifred Peck. *(Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.)*
Distant Music. By Shirley Darbyshire. *(Collins; 8s. 6d.)*
The Carrington Incident. By Niven Busch. *(Robert Hale; 8s. 6d.)*
Black Market. By Bernard Newman. *(Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)*

The ruined Fairweathers, Paul (FRITH BANBURY), his mother (NUNA DAVIES), and Lucy (BETTY FLEETWOOD) reduced to begging in the snow-swept streets.

HARROWING MELODRAMA REVIVED: "THE STREETS OF LONDON."

Badger (ROGER SNOWDON) and Gideon Bloodgood (GEOFFREY DUNN; left) in a desperate fight for the vital receipt for the money deposited by the sea captain.

Bad..., collapsing from charcoal fumes, is unable to tell Paul where the receipt, only evidence of the crime, has been hidden. The wicked Bloodgood gloats.

Happy ending! Mark Livingstone and the lovely Lucy Fairweather are at last united, with the blessing of P.C. Badger.

The villain brought to book: proof of Bloodgood's perfidy is at last unearthed, and Badger handcuffs him. Alida Bloodgood (VIDA HOPE) is on the right.

VICTORIAN melodrama, with a villain to hiss, a hero to applaud, and a damsel in distress to weep over, makes an appeal to modern playgoers, so it's not surprising that Maxwell Wray's revival of Dion Boucicault's "The Streets of London" should come on to the Cambridge Theatre, where it is due to-morrow, January 28, after its run at the Orpheum. First produced in America in 1857, it was seen in London in 1864 and revived by Sydney Carroll at the Ambassadors in 1932. Maxwell Wray, who has a tremendous sense of period, produced it then also. In the present revival a new young actress, Betty Fleetwood, plays the *ingénue* lead. The scenery, in the "penny plain and twopence coloured" style, is designed and painted by Joan Jefferson-Farjeon, a niece of Herbert Farjeon.

Just in time! Mark Livingstone (GRAEME MUIR) and Paul Fairweather save Lucy and her mother from the deadly fumes of the burning charcoal.

MIST IN THE STRAITS.*

By FRANK H. SHAW.

MOYRA GRAHAM answered the ring of her door-bell in person. As she switched off the light in the hall, she noticed the Channel fog had penetrated into her home.

"'Evening. You'll think I'm desperately impertinent," said a man's voice.

"Do you—want anything?" she asked.

"I want to know if I might listen to the nine-o'clock news, if you don't think me fantastic," said the disembodied voice.

"Come in for a minute—I'll see if you're as fantastic as you sound," Moyra invited. With the door shut again and the light switched on, she considered the unexpected visitor. He was a good-looking specimen enough; and a thoroughbred, by all the earmarks. His overcoat, with the fog-dew on it, was Sackville Street. As he turned back the lapels, as if inviting a more comprehensive scrutiny, she saw he wore a tie like Hugh's—when Hugh was in civilian clothes.

"I don't see why you shouldn't listen. I'll switch on." She slipped into the snug little drawing-room, and manipulated where it was necessary. Big Ben was just chiming. She said: "Take your coat off, won't you?"

"I'm a journalist," he began to explain. "I was after a big story—couldn't get to my hotel in time; and there might be news worth writing up." Big Ben struck his first vibrant note.

"Here is the news, and this is Alan Howland reading it," said the radio-set.

"A good set you have," the visitor mentioned. "My husband's a bit of a specialist," she admitted. The summary was being rapidly spoken. "The shipping losses, though larger than previous weeks, were yet below the average for December." That announcement set her thinking of Hugh, whose job it was to usher shipping through the danger-zones. "By the way," said the visitor, "my name's Clive Welcome; you may have seen it . . ."

"Clive Welcome!" She was honoured. "I love your articles," she approved. "We need that sort of robust optimism these days, don't you think?"

"That's why I write them." He spoke softly, so as not to interrupt the bulletin, which continued its even, almost eager, flow. He smiled into Moyra's eyes as the statement: "The Admiralty has issued the following," was made. Then all humour left those eyes, which became hard, merciless, basilisk-like.

"Turn round," he said. His hand had come out of his side-pocket, and there was an automatic pistol in it.

"Don't be silly!" said Moyra. "That's an odd game to play."

"Hardly a game—I'm in earnest."

"There's nothing worth stealing in this house," she contemptuously told him.

"Don't argue. Turn round."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," she flamed. "My bag is in the hall drawer; take that and clear out." She was no weakling, but he was a lithe, athletic man. And he might be serious about that pistol, which certainly looked ugly.

He stepped closer, as Mr. Howland went on to tell of increasing tension in the Pacific. He twisted her by one shoulder, and she felt a snap handcuff fasten adroitly on one wrist. Then he grabbed her free arm and manacled that, as if he had done the same thing repeatedly. She saw that he had no back to his head, and wished she'd noticed the fact before.

"I'm not a common burglar," he said, as if irked by the scorn of her eyes. "But I have a use for your wireless. A slight adaptation makes this set a sending set," he boasted. "Actually this is my own invention." He produced a small wallet from his hip-pocket, and revealed an exquisite bit of workmanship, not unlike the works of a small clock. He switched off the wireless and turned it back to front. But the screws that fastened on the back panel were very small and very deeply countersunk. He broke his finger-nails trying to tear the sheet of polished plywood adrift; gained nothing by his sacrifice. He patted his pockets; made an exclamation of dissatisfaction.

"A nail-file will have to do—fetch one," he ordered. To reach her bedroom where the manicure set was kept, she had to pass the telephone. Even handcuffed, she felt, she could use it; but he stood in the drawing-room doorway all the time she was in the danger-zone. She watched her hands as they fumbled awkwardly with the manicure-case; the hands Hugh had rhapsodised over in courting days, and still praised for their delicate smallness. She purposely chose a file that had a broken point. Instinct told her that German spies did not transform wireless sets into sending outfits just for fun. The more time she gained the better.

He snatched the file from her at the stair-foot. "Quiet," he growled. She re-entered her drawing-room. A thick, light-proof curtain screened the nearer window. She brushed it slightly aside. It was hardly likely that a warden would notice the light-gleam and come enquiring. A chance might occur, though; and in the circumstance she had to take every chance. But he saw her trick, and, with a German expletive, he strode across the small room and twitched the curtain back into place.

"I may have to shoot you yet," he said. She certainly felt very helpless. Yet not entirely so. On her dressing-table had been a slim Eastern paper-knife. Its edges were blunted, but its point was keen. This dagger now was sheathed in her stocking-top.

The Hun, who had masqueraded as Clive Welcome, had detached the back-panel, and was now fiddling with the set.

"I am sorry to discommode the Royal British Navy," he mocked, "but the convoy moving up-Channel is too important to be allowed through. Listen." The gadget he had clipped to the set possessed a sending key. He tapped out a few long-short-long signals.

"You see. . . . I get them at the first call," boasted the Hun. "If you English only knew how simple you are! I got the information from a coastguard that the convoy would pass Hambleton Point at ten-thirty to-night. I now inform two undersea boats of the Third Reich Navy of this fact."

Was it a convoy for which Hugh was responsible he meant?

He made one or two further adjustments to the wave-length adjuster, and sent off another cascade of dots and dashes, with a rather odd, a singing efficiency.

Inch by inch she was edging towards the wireless set. Out of all the whirling chaos of her thoughts, a clear-cut plan had taken shape.

But a recent bout of pernicious 'flu had put her into sick-bay, and she was only now convalescent. Perhaps that was why her knees shook so that she feared he might hear them knocking together like muffled castanets. But the 'flu had done one good thing—it had slimmed her a lot, especially her hands, tiny always, now tinier still.

If, thought Moyra, she could strike with the paper-knife above the bulge of his red neck, it was possible she would kill him. He deserved death, of course, he was a spy and worse than a spy: a wholesale killer—but she was a woman, and to take life was a thing incredible to her understanding.

The Hun was bent over the set. Moyra settled her plan of action. She slipped one slim hand clear of the steel bracelet, at the cost of grazed skin and agonised flesh. As she lifted her skirt and grasped the stockinged dagger, he turned—and saw what she would be at.

A grim Teutonic curse tore from his lips. It was no longer possible to stab at close range; and the vulnerable neck-nape was no longer towards her. She remembered every game of darts she had ever played with Hugh in country pubs, and hurled the weapon with all her strength. The point slashed across the bridge of his nose. It must have been the tigerish glare of his eyes that made her use them as a target. She saw a red spurt spray into those eyes, and, as he reached for the pistol, she reached too, but she was before him.

Even then, with the pistol in her hand, she felt unable to consummate her advantage, and fired half-blindly into the wireless set. The staccato reception ended with a crackling, a smash, and then a weird scream—almost as if she'd shot the man himself.

She had fired Hugh's Service revolver many a time; an automatic was somewhat outside her comprehension. She did not know it would fire again without re-cocking; but fire it did. That must have been because, when he stumbled towards her, she recoiled; her finger must have squeezed the trigger. He halted dead, and a hand went enquiringly to his side. For the rest of her life Moyra was never to forget the amazement—yes—and the fear—that twisted his blood-stained face.

"You hurt me!" he sobbed. Then he crumpled, as if his legs had been kicked away. Moyra suddenly hated life, war, everything. She dropped the pistol. She was still trying to staunch the wound she had caused when thunderous knocking sounded on the door.

She called to the knockers to enter; the door was latched; they thundered again; and there was nothing for it but to leave the wounded spy and open to the visitors.

"Oh!" she said faintly. They were neither police nor wardens; these were soldiers, an officer in the front. "We've tracked down a secret sending-set," he said sternly. "We intend to search the house!"

"You needn't do that—come in here," she said shakily.

It was a pity, the investigating officer said, after an examination, that her shot had shattered the gadget; a lot might have been learnt from it. They'd been on the track of this secret agent for a while; he moved his area regularly. But their directional detector had finally pinned him down—his mistake was in choosing an isolated house.

"Is he dying?" asked Moyra.

"Well, say he's as good as dead," said the officer. "If he gets over this, he'll face a firing-squad, of course."

"So long as the U-boats didn't get his signals," Moyra said after explaining as much as she could.

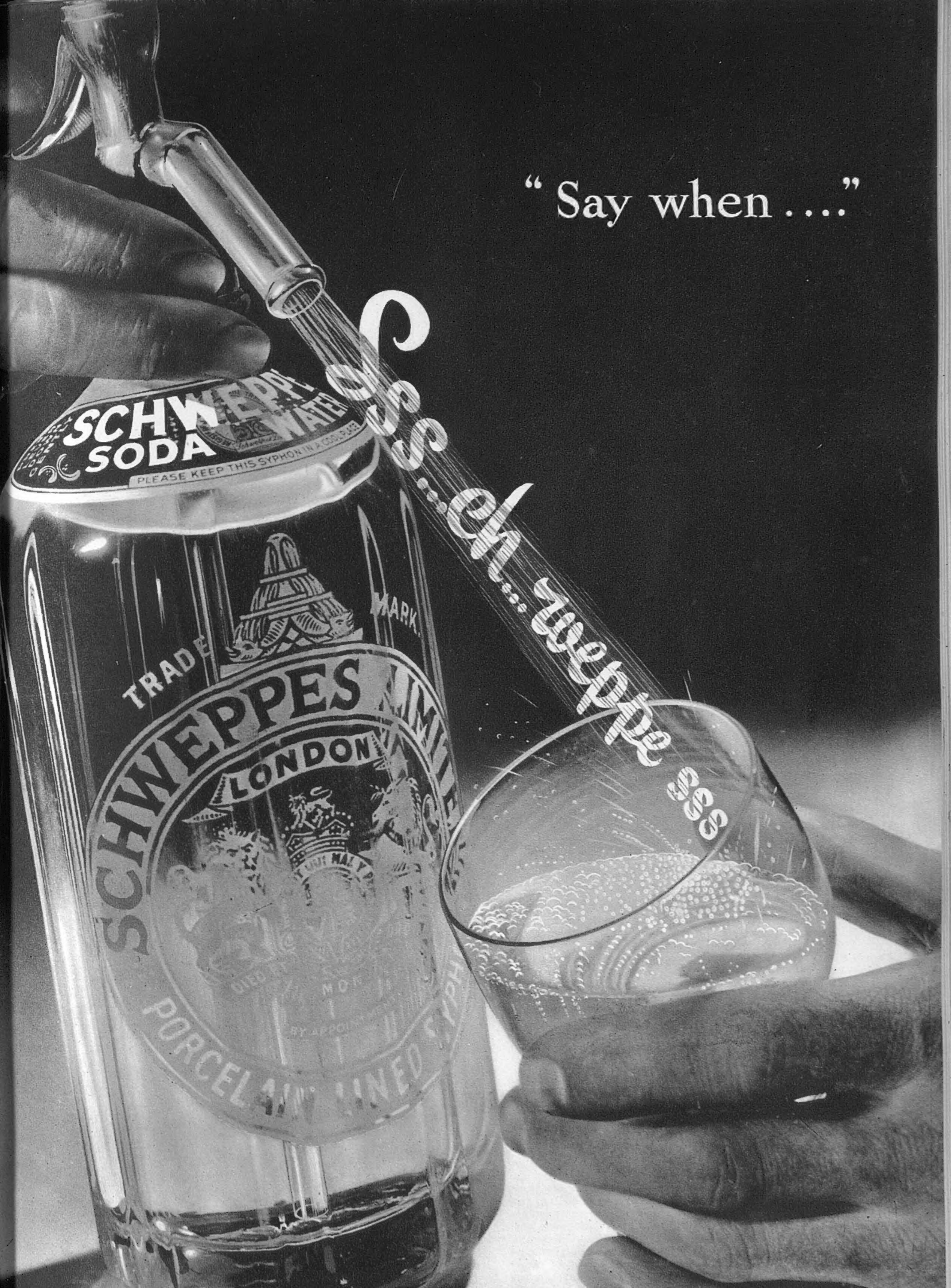
"All surface movements are held up on account of the fog, I did hear," the officer said. "And yet—who knows; we might have tried to sneak a convoy through under cover of this mist."

Moyra had only hope to sustain her for a long time: but next day her 'phone did ring. It was Hugh.

"O.K.", he said. "We got through—sank a Hun. It's nice to think of you snug and cosy at home. Oh—how's your cold?"

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*


"Say when ...."
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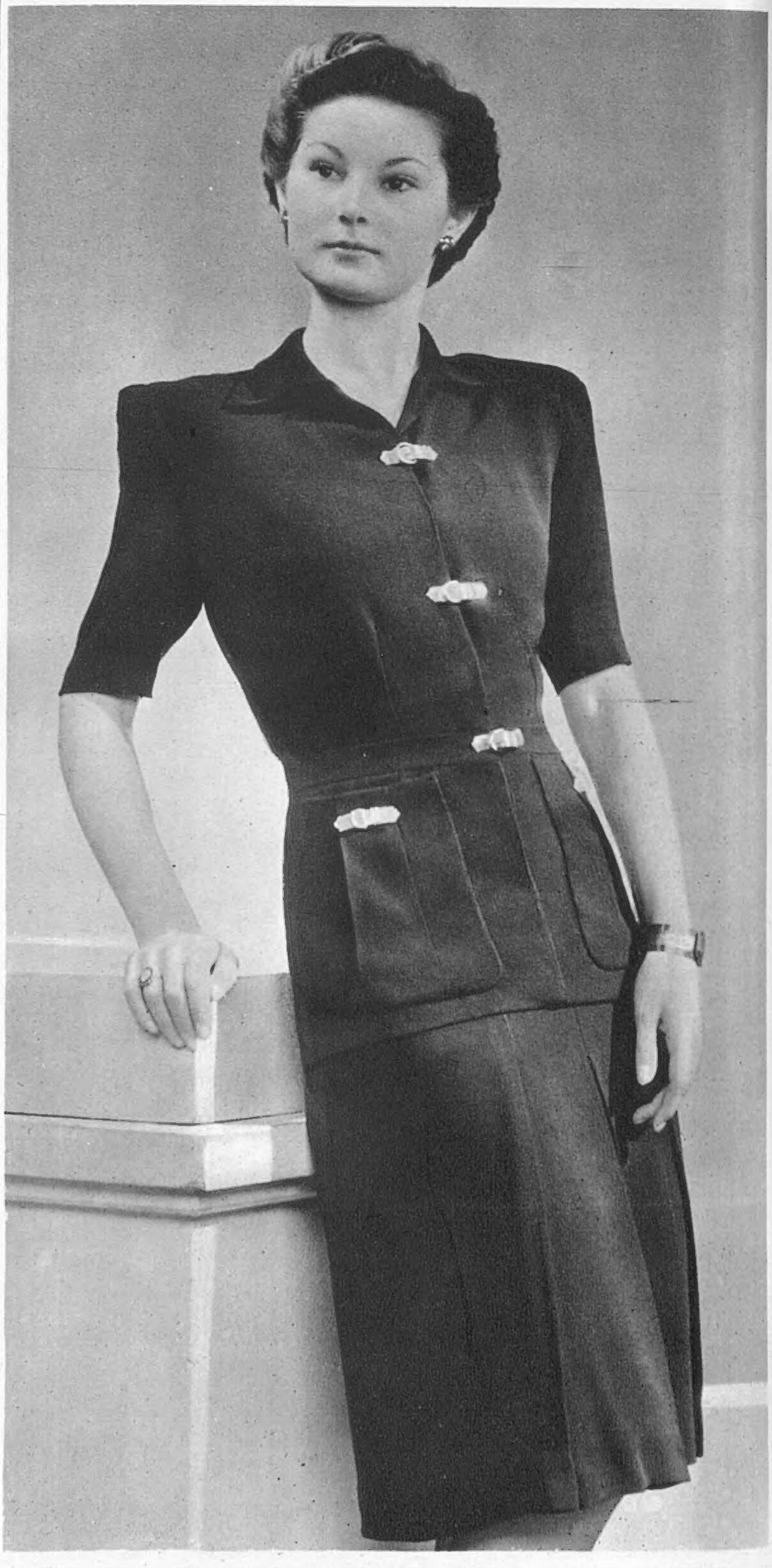

WOMEN are busy planning the spring wardrobe and are discussing "coupons" rather than money. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, advocate the inclusion of a wrapper which may be worn when Service uniform can be discarded. To them must be given the credit of the pretty affair above, a strong point in its favour being that it can be worn with a cool or light lining according to the state of the weather. There are many materials in cheerful colours in which it is available; they are non-committal and may be slipped on in a fraction of a second. Sometimes the skirt portions are robbed of a certain amount of the fulness seen in the one portrayed. In these salons are perfectly plain wrappers, an important feature of which is that they wash and wear well. A feature is likewise made of simple fashions for the little people.

WITH the coming of the warmer weather the jacket-dress illustrated on this page will be extremely useful. It is sponsored by Harrods, Knightsbridge, and is companioned by a variety of others. It is in two pieces and carried out in heavy crêpe, finished with simuli "gold" kid buckle fastenings; this introduces a cheerful note. Although decorative there is no elaboration. Some of the little dresses are moulded to the figure, care being taken to emphasise the most becoming points. It is interesting to notice that colour contrasts are used with great success, and so are waistcoats. The tailored dresses, in fine tweed with high necks and long sleeves and wide shoulders, are ultra smart. The shoulders must be slightly raised. "Odd" skirts continue in favour and are really an economy.

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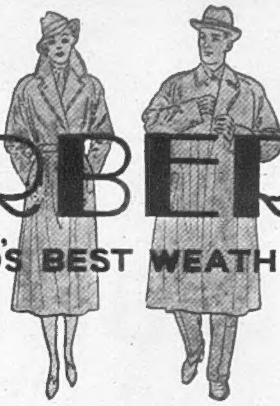

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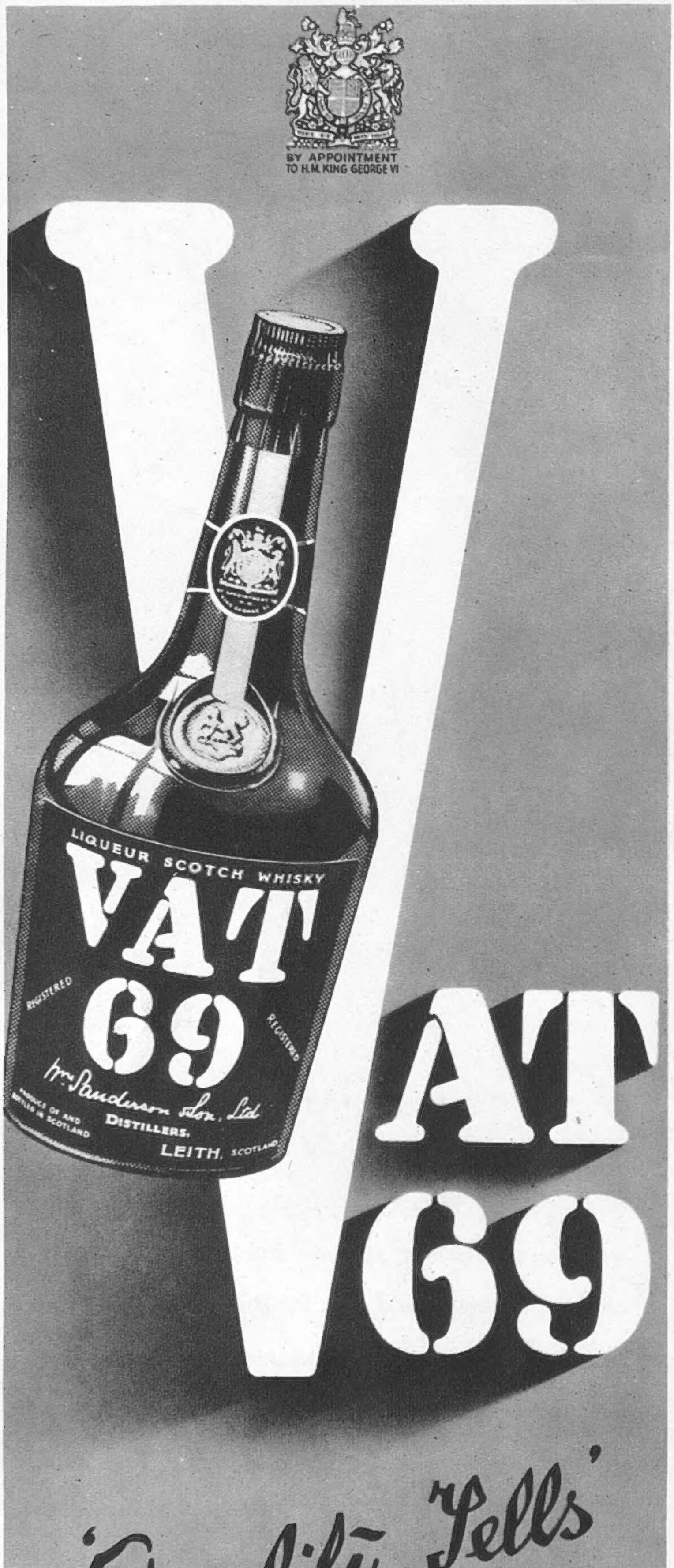

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